W. H. Parker

VOL. XIII. No. 2.

THE

UNDERGRADUATE.

FOUNDED IN 1875.

Middlebury College, November, 1887.

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MIDDLEBURY:
REGISTER COMPANY, PRINTERS,
1887.

Middlebury College,

FOUNDED IN 1800.

THE COLLEGE is finely located in the midst of a beautiful park in the village of Middlebury, Vermont The locality is healthful, and the College offers the advantage of thorough instruction at a moderate cost

The requirements for admission and course of instruction are as follows :

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION.

LATIN.—Latin Grammar, including the Rules of Prosody and Scanning; Cæsar's Commentaries, three books, or Sallust's Conspiracy of Catiline; Cicero, six orations, including the four against Catiline; Virgil, six books of the Æneid; Arnold's Latin Prose Composition to the VIIth Chapter, or Allen's to the 24th Lesson.

GREEK.—Greek Grammar; Xenophon's Anabasis, three books; Homer's Iliad, two books; Jones' Greek Composition, twenty lessons.

Ancient and Modern Geography, Greek and Roman History.

Arithmetic; Algebra through Quadratics and three books of Wentworth's Geometry.

Real equivalents will be accepted in place of any of the Latin or Greek authors named above.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Instruction is given chiefly in connection with text books, but in each department lectures are given by members of the Faculty.

In the study of Chemistry unusual facilities are offered. Each student is expected to do practical work at the table furnished in a neatly fitted and well-equipped Laboratory.

In Natural History, besides the text-book exercises, frequent dissections are made before the class pursuing Zoology. Field work is done by the class in Botany, and expeditions into the surrounding country by the class studying Geology. A herbarium is prepared by each student of Botany and prizes are awarded for the best collections.

An extensive and completely arranged Cabinet of rocks minerals and fossils is designed for the constant use of the class in Geology.

The Cabinet and Museum contain a large number of specimens, and are designed especially for the use of the classes in Natural History. The specimens are all placed under their respective classes, are newly arranged in the new cabinet, and are conspicuously labeled.

The College Library contains 16,000 volumes, and a permanent fund has been recently established for its enlargement. The books are conveniently arranged in the new library room and are open to the students from 12 to 2 o'clock every week day.

A College Reading Room, free to all, has periodical literature on file.

The instruction aims to be practical as well as theoretical, and for this reason, in Surveying and the use of the Transit, field practice is given.

There are also numerous prizes offered for excellence in the different departments. These, in connection with the liberal aid by scholarships furnished to those whose circumstances require it, render the tuition of many practically free, and no young man of energy need be deterred by financial considerations from entering the College.

Board at the Boarding Hall for $2 00 per week.

CALENDAR.

1886. Sept. 9.—Fall Term begins, Thursday.
Dec. 21.—Fall Term ends, Tuesday.
Winter vacation of two weeks.
1887. Jan. 6.—Winter Term begins, Thursday.
March 22.—Junior Exhibition, Tuesday evening.
March 22.—Winter Term ends, Tuesday.
Spring vacation of two weeks.
April 7.—Spring Term begins, Thursday.
June 21—Annual Examination begins, Tuesday.
June 26.—Baccalaureate Sermon and Anniversary of the Y. M. C. A., Sunday.
June 28.—Anniversary of the Associated Alumni, and Prize Speaking, Tuesday.
June 29.—Commencement, Wednesday.
Summer vacation of ten weeks.
Sept. 8.—Fall Term begins, Thursday.

For Catalogue and any information, address

EZRA BRAINERD,

Middlebury, Vt.

The Undergraduate.

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EDITORIALS.

IN the matter of criticising the Faculty and corporation in their management of the college, the UNDERGRADUATE has thus far endeavored to be modest, and at all times to keep within safe and legitimate limits.

As a representative of the students it has been free to voice their sentiments, rather seeking to advocate reform than to condemn what exists, and has piously refrained from assuming any dictatorial power in fields where plainly its jurisdiction did not extend. To what extent a college paper may interfere with the management of the institution, is perhaps a disputed question, but it will be allowed by the most sanguine college monarch, that, touching reforms which meet the approval of a great majority of the students, the journal may properly express an opinion, even though that opinion may not meet the unqualified approval of the college authorities.

Not that the undergraduates consider themselves competent to instruct their superiors, but that a free interchange of opinions will conduce to the most perfect harmony. In a word, until the Faculty know our wants, they surely cannot meet them.

With this understanding, then, we want to suggest an innovation which seems to the majority of the students a very desirable reform in our methods, viz., that a specified rank in scholarship during the term shall exempt the student from a final examination.

Aged alumni tell us that at the close of their course they were required to recapitulate what had been mastered (or assumed to have been) during the entire four years.

We ridicule the plan now, but are assured that to them it was no laughable matter. They also tell us of the many wonderfully clever devices for aiding their recollection—unable to perform the Herculean task—and to cheat the worthy professor in charge.

Gradually the examinations were given more and more frequently, and made to cover a shorter period of time, until now they are, for the most part, given at the close of each term, with a farcical exhibition game to close the season.

Now what we want is that by faithful, persistant work during the term we may be exempt from these examinations.

Nor are we making an unreasonable request which may not easily be granted. With our small classes it cannot impose any considerable labor upon the several instructors to keep a daily record of each student's work; in fact, to our knowledge the instructors keep such a record now. Why not let the student see and feel some more direct and definite advantage from this?

These examinations are confessedly odious to the students, and the possibility of escaping them would undoubtedly arouse a good deal of the hitherto dormant ability in our college.

And of what possible benefit are they to any one? Seldom, if ever, do they afford the instructor any information. In classes, the size of ours, at the close of the term, the instructor is, or should be, thoroughly conversant with the relative standing of each member of his class; and especially with a little careful attention to the daily work of each student, how much more accurate an estimate could be made than can possibly be formed from the confused product of a hastily written exercise!

We are told that at present the regular examinations count as much in the general average as the entire term's work; while a failure in the annual exhibition contest, of perhaps five minutes trial, imposes a stern "condition" on the student, no matter what may have been his previous record. Is this justice, or in any sense a reward of merit?

Again, we would not, for an instant, insinuate any dishonesty on the part of Middlebury college students; as for example, sitting up very late the night before examination to construct temporary tablets for hasty reference concerning certain parts of Algebra, Geometry, Analytics, Chemistry, History, etc.; nor would we accuse them of extracting from their favorite classics, at this particular time, appropriate passages for future reference at a date more or less remote; nor that they make it painfully convenient, during the examination, to sit as near as possible to the acknowledged leader of the class; nor of resorting to any other dishonorable means for personal advantage; but we do say that the present order of things offers a tempting premium for such conduct, and that only the exceptionally lofty moral public sentiment of Middlebury college prevents it.

An enviable reward, indeed, is a prize won by such contemptible deceit! but stranger things have happened.

Of this crime, then, we would not accuse our students, but we openly charge them with a practice, resulting from the system in question, which is, to say the least, decidedly imprudent and injurious. And in this we appeal to the experience of each individual student to test its truthfulness for himself. First, that during the entire term there is a feeling, more or less potent, that one may safely neglect the work in hand, and somehow redeem himself (by fair and honorable means of course) in the final test, and that as a consequence the work of the term is not nearly so sincere and earnest as it would be if he were made to feel that each day's recitation directly affected the prospect of his being released from that test. Second, that having thus procrastinated, at the last moment he hastily endeavors to accomplish in a few hours the work of as many months, crams his mind to overflowing, passes a creditable examination, and —forgets the greater part of it within a fortnight.

Of course this is not applicable to all cases, but we appeal to the experience and observation of every fair minded student to say if it be not the rule rather than the exception.

There are students to whom procrastination is unknown, whose indomitable perseverance enables them to faithfully perform every present duty. To such students, these remarks are, of course, not intended to apply. We are interested in the students at large, and if every student knew that by maintaining an average of, say eighty per cent. for the term, he could be released from that dreaded ordeal at the close, it looks reasonable to suppose that there would be many more averages above that mark, and that the student in consequence of the increased daily application would acquire a development and power not soon to pass away.

If we are wrong we ask to be corrected; if we are right, may not our petition be considered? Some of our best colleges have paved the way; will not Middlebury follow suit?

A FEW weeks ago Mr. Eldredge, the treasurer of our college, went among our alumni in the West to raise funds for making improvements and increasing the endowment of the college. The latest reports from him are to the effect that the desired amount is nearly secured. The success attending his efforts is due both to his own zeal and the growing interest in us on the part of the alumni.

It seems that our "brothers of the olden time" have a sympathy for us that reaches their pockets, and it is a source of no little pleasure to know that our college has alumni whose success makes them able and willing to lend us a helping hand. Middlebury college has done a noble work in the past. Although she has had to contend with poverty ever and anon, yet we can truthfully assert that she has more successful alumni according to the number of her graduates than any other college in New England. These are

the men who are now coming forward and, by dint of interest and sympathy and *generosity*, asserting that such an institution must not die. The experiment of eighty years is about to be crystalized. The increased number of students, the prosperity of the administration of Pres. Brainerd, and the increased interest of alumni and friends bespeak brighter days in the future.

WE often remark the curious way in which some students read. The Freshman as he goes into the library for the first time forms the idea that he will "do lots of reading." Well, he selects his first grist of books—frequently at random—and commencs his work. Commonly he selects books which have no possible connection with his studies. If he is studying Greek, he may be found reading Gœthe or Dante. He forms promiscuous habits of reading and clings to them during his college course. Now, one object of reading is to supplement the studies of the curriculum, and, to a certain extent, this fact should govern the choice of books.

Again, many think that they should read a large number of books. Why, we heard a student say, with evident pride, last commencement that he had read ten plays of Shakespeare during the spring term. But that same man was unable to give a single quotation from the works he had read. More than that, he could not give the plot of a single play. When asked to give his opinion of Shakespeare's style he said, "Well, Shaky was a big man." This student had simply rushed through a lot of reading and his impressions lasted just about as long as the image of a passing menagerie remains on a pane of glass. To look for good results from such reading is just about as sensible as it would be to put yarn into a churn and expect after a due amount of churning to draw out stockings.

Now, to use an old axiom, it is not the quantity but the quality of reading that is beneficial. A student who reads one book understandingly and gets from it a few good quotations—they are the "watch words of literary men"—is getting more good than he would from a dozen read in a promiscuous manner.

Again, reading should be in accordance with a man's line of thought. The facts that men use are few and reading should lead to the crystalization of those facts. In this way conclusions can be drawn and character built up.

LITERARY.

THE OLD AND THE NEW BOHEMIA.

WHAT is the Bohemia of literature? not that picturesque part of Austria lying about the old city of Prague. Nor are the Bohemians that race whom no country claims, who follow the summer from land to land, making a home each day by some wayside brook. Bohemia's borders are broad; they take in every country where painters, sculptors and writers believing that art is all in all, have lived for art alone. Shakespeare in a Winter's Tale foreshadows this Bohemia; it is a happy careless country, and Autolychus wanders up and down "as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia," singing his ballads and saying of himself, "When I wander here and there, I then do most go right."

Autolychus was somewhat of a vagabond, Shakespeare calls him a rogue. To many minds a Bohemian is always a vagabond with most of the vices and few virtues, a restless wandering fellow, who will not work. How different is the true Bohemian. The body to him is less than mind; for that and art he gives up gladly a so-called orderly life. He may find that art is not bread; it will make no difference.

In the old Latin Quarter of Paris, thirty and more years ago, Bohemianism found congenial haunts. The early years of this century and the closing ones of the last were stirring times for France. A Republic came and passed away, an empire rose and fell; all institutions were shaken; life based on worldly possessions was uncertain then. Many a young man found it so, and chose a life in the Latin Quarter, art its center, and mind its better part.

To this Bohemia came Henry Murger, afterwards to be its central figure. Nominally an attorney's clerk, he gave to painting an all the time he could get. Then the brush was forsaken for the pen. He shared a garret with two friends. Half dead with cold he worked at his verse through long winter nights, for his muse was coy and would come only under cover of darkness. But Paris, like all the world is slow to find out merit in a poor young man. Genius in rags is despised; well-to-do mediocrity finds gold. If a few francs came by chance, what revels were forthcoming in some favorite cafe. What pleasure was too costly for the Crœsus of an hour! It is a motto of Bohemia "The Academy, the Hospital, or the Morgue."

How many find the other two, how few the academy! Murger worked incessantly but to no immediate purpose. Sickness was added to poverty; the hospital received him as a frequent guest, and when only thirty-five he entered the Maison Dubois for the last time. Paris finally saw how great a man she had slighted, but the monument she erected in sincere sorrow could not cheer the man it honored. "He asked bread and they gave him a stone." Murger was one of many and Paris paid dearly for her neglect. Who led the mobs at the barricades? Her slighted Bohemians.

England too has had her Bohemia. Men like Goldsmith are famous in it. Thackeray in "Philip" has given it to the world. Little is left of America's Bohemia. They tell us the civil war killed it. Was it not rather against all American ideas? Let us confess it with shame, our object has been money rather than art for art. We are an impatient nation. Young men are not content to wait, half starved, perhaps, for a fame which may come too late. There is more inducement in the lower but more lucrative planes.

They tell us, too, that Bohemia is coming again. Shall we welcome it? According to Hamerton, Philistinism is the opposite phase of life, and a revival of Bohemianism would check its growth. And what is a Philistine? A man with no idea of the superiority of an intellectual life; a man whose money is but a passport to bodily comfort, fine dress, fine food and costly pleasure. The Bohemian's money is a means for mental advancement. He loves it for the books it brings him and the travel it allows—not luxurious modern travel, but the sort of Goldsmith's youth. Bohemian traits are admired by all because they are worthy of admiration. It was Bonaparte's Bohemianism which abandoned luxury for a soldier's hard bed. How different was Napoleon III., going in a carriage to meet his destiny at Sedan, while the numerous wagons of the imperial household hindered the cavalry movements.

Bohemia may not be all that is needed, but at least she lies in the right direction. There are those who disparage her because of her vices. They forget that the vices of Bohemia are those of "good society." Do we find in Bohemia more intemperance or more immorality than in Philistia? More lives that do the world no good? More selfish, mean lives? Some one has told the difference, "the Bohemian sepulchers are not whited but ill kept."

The new Bohemia, if indeed it be returning, will be different from the old. Autolycus will be as gay but decidedly more a man. His songs will be no less joyous because they are more refined. Best of all he will be honored for himself, and men will broaden their manhood by the honor they give to him.

FROM HORACE.

NOW, friend, the wintry winds do blow,
And thick the snow lies on the hill;
The bitter cold goes through the wool,
With drifts are all the valleys full,
Ice-bound is every pebbly rill.

Bring out dry logs, stir up the fires,
Lo how they snap and blaze and roar!
Draw up the chairs and taste the wine
That mellowed on the hills Sabine
Since lapse of summers four.

The gods have stilled the strife of winds,
And all the branches are at rest.
Cypress and ash no longer move,
The oceans rest in every cove;
Dear friend, like ocean, calm thy breast.

Enough for each is each day's ill;
Enjoy the good, endure the pain.
Take Heaven's pleasant gifts with joy,
And murmur not at the alloy,
But Fortune's bounty reckon gain.

For lo, age cometh on apace!
Therefore, make most of youth's bright day.
Enjoy the laugh, the kiss, the dance,
Return each bashful, loving glance
That over Lydia's fan doth play.

For know that soon, alas, too soon,
Winter will come, thy bloom decay;
And then, in hoary, wrinkled age,
With tears thou'lt view each faded gage
Thy darling gave thee in thy vanished May. —VAN.

"REFORM IN POLITICS."

FOR the last fifteen years the opinion has been steadily gaining ground among intelligent citizens, that every voter should act according to his true belief, instead of, as in many cases, gulping down his dislike and blindly supporting his party.

The late election in several states where Independents have defeated parties, and in New York and Chicago where if anywhere the power of the political boss most successfully thwarts the will of the people, and where the people, despite the utmost efforts of the ward politicans, persisted in supporting the fittest candidate; the rapidly increasing number of independent journals; the vigor and boldness heretofore com-

paratively rare, with which party journals criticise acts of their own party, all tend to show that the independent thinking which decided the election of '84 was not a mere whim of the public mind, but a firm conviction which will very likely become a still more influential factor in future elections.

As a rule, political parties, if not entirely in the power of selfish and unscrupulous leaders, shape their course of action to gain popular strength. It therefore will become them, if they would retain their power and influence, to investigate and find the reason for this breaking away from long established custom.

It often happens that the desires and purposes of party leaders differ widely from those of the rank and file; for instance: it is pretty evident that a large majority of Republican leaders favor the nomination of Mr. Blaine; but there is little doubt if the question was left to the republican voters themselves, that it would be decided in the negative. Again the Democratic party, in a purely technical sense, is strongly against the renomination of Mr. Cleveland, while the mass of democrats are still more strongly in favor of it. If parties, therefore, are what they should be,—convenient agencies for ascertaining and expressing the opinions of the people upon public questions,—this state of affairs would hardly exist. Instead of what they should be, however, they are looked upon by a large and increasing body of citizens as huge machines by means of which politicians secure great power and profit for themselves, and baffle and oppress the people. This wide-spread distrust of the only means of making known a nation's will, bodes no good to our future.

But the subject becomes still more worthy of careful consideration by the fact that the acknowledged corruption and venality of politics has developed such a bitter enmity to political parties of all kinds, in worthy and patriotic men, who are thus brought to look upon them as a source of evil and danger to the state, that they cannot be brought to the polls by any consideration, much less will they take an active interest in elections. At the same time the ignorant and vicious improve every opportunity for making known their power as a united political faction. Is it any wonder that, with the former of these forces disgusted and inactive and the latter vigorous and determined, men who are anxious for public office, and are not over scrupulous as to how they get it, should scarcely consider the claims of the one and pander to the other? In the light of this is it strange that our parties are so corrupt as to give the "stay at homes" a valid excuse for not performing their duty as citizens?

It is plain, therefore, that reform in politics must be accomplished either by the suppression of parties, or the old ones must be so managed hereafter as not to be oppressive but to fairly combine and effectively express the opinions of the people, or new parties must be formed.

It is needless to talk about suppressing parties; under our government and according to our ideas of liberty, it is as much the right of those having common interests to unite and act together in politics as in other matters. And confined to their true sphere and acting by open, honorable methods, parties are powerful agents of good to our nation. But the theory accepted by the average politician, that our, or any other republican form of government could not exist without parties, that they are the only source whence good may come and that he who dares disobey its dictates is a traitor to his party and an enemy to his country, not only flies squarely in the face of reason and historical facts, but also is a delusive snare to entrap the unthinking and credulous voter. More than this, the very right of a party to exist depends upon three things: (1), the tendency of its principles to advance the interests of the whole people, (2), the faithful support of these principles, (3), the nomination of worthy men for office. Without these it were better were there no political organizations whatever.

Can parties be reorganized so that in the future they will fufill these conditions? If so, reform in the party itself is the quickest and surest way of bringing about the desired result.

It is universally conceded that every voter is free to join the party whose principles and aims most nearly coincide with his own. It is the having these principles and aims, the faithful observance of the same and the nominating fit men for office that gives a party its being, clothes it with strength and renders it an engine of no small service to the nation in shaping public policy. In addition to this, new questions of internal and foreign policy, of finance, of the relations of capital and labor, and of many others, all of which demand immediate attention, are constantly coming up. If a party repudiates its old time principles, nay more, if it is not willing to stake its very existence upon the maintenance of them, if it stubbornly refuses to meet

new issues as they arise and persistently harps on old and worn-out issues, is the individual voter under any further obligation to the party which he joined believing it to be honest and progressive? Is he not then free to act as his judgment directs? The Independents answer "No" to the first and "Yes" to the second. Mugwumpery, however, goes one step farther and says the most effective way to reform parties is for independent thinkers to unceremoniously bolt and become a faction separate from all. But is this so? The respectable and conscientious form a large majority of those who generally take part in elections. How is it that demagogues and would-be statesmen pretend to represent the people, speak for them and express their views? By controlling the political primaries. How do they do this? By the lack of interest taken by the mass of the people in these gatherings and alas! the too general disposition among citizens to take no notice of the almost ceaseless labors of the political boss and his henchmen, until it is too late successfully to oppose the "machine." In the interval between nominating conventions and election time, the party whip is industriously applied, and many of those who wish the condition of things different, meekly bend their neck to the party yoke, vote the party ticket and more firmly than ever rivet upon themselves the chains of party despotism, while others who generally vote, but who have neglected their political duties as much as have their neighbors of weaker will, bolt, mount the fence, deify themselves as the disinterested saviours of the country and bemoan the downfall of parties from their old-time high estate. Still others who never cast a ballot, hold their noses and, pointing to the humiliating spectacle with an "I-told-you-so," sickly sort of smile, enquire, "Do you ask *me* why I never take part in politics?"

Our government, nay, even our political organizations have conferred practically unlimited power upon the people, and the utmost freedom to use it. From the people's neglect of the use of this power comes the corruption and rottenness in our politics. With them lies the remedy. Let our honest, respectable citizens regularly attend the primaries, and elect to the various higher conventions only those men who they know will stand by their principles and nominate fit men for office; and lo! our leopard will have changed its spots. Is not this course preferable to that of the mugwumps, who, when it is under full headway, try to stop the progress of the mighty torrent of corruption, instead of going to the mountain spring of this evil and by a few shovels of dirt, as it were, easily changing its course? Is not the end which the mugwumps are seeking to find quicker and more effectually accomplished by taking advantage of the fine organizations of our present parties, which, having been taken advantage of, like two-edged swords can cut the politician as well as the people, instead of standing sulkily by and, like chronic dyspeptics, snarling at everything?

If, however, this course of reformation proves unsuccessful and there is nothing at stake but the character of candidates, let the independent thinker support the one he thinks is best fitted for the office; if great and vital issues arise and the old parties absolutely refuse to meet them, then let those who have the courage of their convictions form a party of their own, and, judging the future by the past, it will succeed. Let them not place themselves in the political market and sell themselves to the party which will yield most to them; for by so doing they will cause honest men to look upon them with contempt, destroy the little remaining public faith that there can be any honesty in politics, and perpetuate the very evils they are trying to eradicate.

CARPE DIEM.

WHY dost thou ever vainly strive to know
How long for thee the lamp of life shall beam?
The wind of fate doth, unrelenting, blow
All vessels to the same dark Stygian stream.

Sure it is nobler, better far to bear
Whatever destiny the gods assign.
Bear fate with patience, be it foul or fair,
Rejoice in youthful loves, rejoice in wine.

Look not to past or future for thy joy,
But snatch thy pleasure from each passing day;
For mournful age will all delight alloy,
The flying Hours, with swift-winged feet bear youth away.

VAN.

THE IMPULSE TO EARLY DISCOVERY.

A CAREFUL student of history, who reads the records of the past with a higher motive than the mere acquirement of facts, cannot but notice one great law, which shows itself from the beginning to the present, *the ceaseless motion of humanity*. Mankind has never been contented to remain in peace, but has been forced on by a resistless power always to seek new fields, and to long for the untainted air of regions yet untrodden. From the great Aryan outspreading

in the dawn of the world's history, when the vast Asiatic highlands, the birthplace of the race, poured out a flood into the valleys of Europe, down through all the ages of the past, this constant current of the human river has followed the changeless course of the Sun, into the dim, mysterious regions of the West.

The extreme western limit of the Roman world was that part of Britain called "Ultima Thule;" and for centuries afterward this still remained the farthest point known, beyond which stretched away a vague, limitless expanse of heaving waters—nothing more. The mariners, dependent entirely upon the stars for guidance, dared not trust themselves beyond timidly coasting along the shores of the Mediterranean, and of Eastern Europe. The migratory spirit seemed to have expired. But in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries various occurrences renewed the old longing after unvisited scenes, and revived the old desire to move yet farther on toward the horizon. Principal among these events was the application of the compass and astrolabe to navigation. Heretofore, the navigators had relied entirely upon the position of the sun and stars to direct their course, but with these new aids, they were able to make more extended voyages with greater safety than before. Moreover, the marvelous accounts of Marco Polo, Sir John Mandeville, and other travelers, increased the desire to penetrate the gloom of regions yet unvisited.

With increased facilities for navigation, and the world on tip-toe with curiosity, all that was lacking to unravel the mysteries of the unknown lands was a man able to lead. Behold, then, the man for the hour, Cristobal Colon, the son of a poor Genovese wool-comber. All know the story of his struggles, his contests with blind ignorance and stubborn bigotry, his fruitless labors at Lisbon, Genoa and Venice, his disputations with the wise men at Madrid, and, at last, the grudging consent of the king to his making the long-desired voyage. I need not, therefore, review them; but instead, let us briefly examine the motives which urged him on to so unfaltering a prosecution of his great idea.

We must not forget that he was endeavoring, not to reach countries yet undiscovered, but by sailing West to arrive at the partly explored regions of the East, the treasure-house of the world, in comparison with whose boundless abundance the riches of the West were as nothing. Was it, then, the desire for wealth or fame which actuated him to such effort? A far loftier purpose moved him. The real *animus* of Columbus' explorations was the purpose he so often expressed, than which none can be nobler,—the supreme desire to spread the Catholic Faith. What though his conception of the Faith was at best blurred and imperfect? There was enough of virtue in it to sustain him through all his trials, through the mocking jeers of the philosophers, through privation and actual beggary, through the humiliations of the court, through the mutiny of his sailors, and which, at the supreme moment of his triumph, when the keel of his boat grated on the sands of San Salvador, impelled him to fall on his knees and pour out his thanks toward that great Captain whose orders he obeyed. Is it to be wondered, that after the fulfilment of his wildest dreams, after so many years of fruitless endeavor, he believed himself to be the one of whom Saint John prophesied, that he should reveal a new heaven and a new earth? In Tennyson's grand poem Columbus says:

"I swear to you I heard God's voice between
The thunders in the black Veragua nights,
"O soul of little faith, slow to believe,
Have I not been about thee from thy birth?
Given thee the keys of the great Ocean sea?
Set thee in light, till time shall be no more?
Is it I who have deceived thee, or the world?
Endure! thou hast done so well for men, that men
Cry out against thee; was it otherwise
With mine own son?" And more than once, in days
Of doubt, and cloud, and gloom, when drowning hope
Sank all but out of sight, I heard his voice
"Be not cast down. I lead thee by the hand;
"Fear not," and I shall hear his voice again,
I know that he has lead me all my life,
I am not yet too old to work his will."

The blackest page in history is that which records the reward which ungrateful Spain bestowed upon him—claims and disgrace.

We can do no more than glance at those men who succeeded Columbus in his discoveries. The list is long, and the record is not pleasant reading. Those Spaniards who followed, almost uniformly disgraced themselves by crimes of inconceivable greatness. Pizarro, Bobadilla, Cortez and all the rest, marked their course by butcheries too horrible too comprehend, and in their ungovernable avarice allowed all the vices which the more civilized customs of Spain had checked, to have entire dominion over them. The only gleam which brightens the dark picture is that pathetic legend of DeLeon and his search for the fountain of eternal youth, for which so many have since vainly

sought. There is something very touching, too, in the story of De Soto, who wandered half across the continent to find, at last, his grave in the mighty river he discovered. But everywhere else the actuating motive was that same accursed hunger for gold, of which Virgil sang fifteen hundred years before. Truly a black record!

The one redeeming feature of the French explorations was the heroic sacrifice of the Jesuit missionaries, whose noble lives shine out more brightly by reason of the dark contrast. The early English navigators left behind them a record of avarice, plunder and piracy. To rob a Spanish galleon, ladened with Mexican booty, was an exploit which the English sovereign rewarded with knighthood; while the only treasures brought home by the exploring expeditions were loads of fool's gold, and more fables of El Dorados.

There are a few noble exceptions among these early explorers; some few who toiled for a nobler purpose than the acquirement of power or of wealth. Some sparks of Columbus' lofty motive yet remained and flamed out, only to be hidden by the dark mist of unutterable cruelty and greed.

We have now examined the actuating impulse of the early discoveries; let us, then, state them briefly.

First of all, and dominating all, comes the irresistible destiny to move westward, which has been so wonderfully shown forth in all history, and to which Wordsworth refers when he says:

> "And stepping westward seemed to be
> A kind of heavenly destiny."

Where one regards one of the glorious sunsets in this Champlain valley, one cannot but believe that the voyage in search of that Celestial Country, toward which so many barques are bound, will be but a continuation of the same resistless force.

Then we find, highest of all human motives, the one purpose which animated the grand "Admiral of the Ocean" and a few of his successors, the desire to spread the true faith. And last and blackest of all, comes the incentive which impelled so many, the wretched greed for gain, the desire to heap up riches on earth, no matter by how many blood-stains the gold may be polluted.

In a word, then, the two motives, one or the other of which incited all those who were first to explore the unknown lands of the New World, were first, the desire to carry the true light into darkness; and second, the unrestrained greed of avarice and selfishness; both subordinate to that power which set the course of the sun and made the East to be the cradle of mankind, the West to be its goal.

One word more. The lesson which we can learn from these discoverers, who in the face of mockery, insult and all opposition, persevered and triumphed, is the old, old lesson of Faith, which men, since the world began, have tried, and failed to comprehend. Says Castelar: "Faith may change its aim, but ever remains in the depths of human nature as the supremest virtue, impelling us to supreme acts. Life is, and will ever be, a stormy ocean. To cross this ocean in Faith, and in Faith alone, must we embark. In this bark the prophet Columbus set sail, and, at his journey's end, found a New World. If that world had not existed, God would have crea'ed it in solitude of the waves, if only to reward the faith and constancy of that man.

We shall yet behold, throughout all the world, that liberty and equality, whose beamings already shine upon the pure brow of America the virgin, because we are resolute in our search thereof and possess assured faith that we shall find it."

TO POSTUMUS.

O DEAREST friend, our bright youth disappears,
No deeds of ours can check its rapid flight,
For what avails all paltry mortal might
Against the onward speeding, hurrying march of years.

Incense and every slaughtered hecatomb,
Offered to Pluto on each passing day
Fail to bring back thy vanished, long lost May,
Rout age victorious, or restore thy faded bloom.

All must arrive at that dark Stygian shore,
Peasant and prince alike reach that one goal.
Old Charon takes from each but one abole,
And ferries o'er that silent stream exile and emperor.

In vain shall we be free from wasting care,
In vain the dashing billows of the sea
Shall pass us by, and we unharmed be,
In vain shall we eseape the noxious Southern air.

For when pale Death doth call thee, no delay
Is granted thee; servants and maidens fair
Refuse to call thee master: some new heir
Possession takes——no tear falls on thy lifeless clay.

'Tis thus the gods reward thy constant prayer.
From all thy joys Death comes and summons thee;
Life is not lengthened by thy piety;
Thy hoarded wine moistens the pavement of the worthier heir.

VAN.

SCENES ALONG THE ST. LAWRENCE.

IN 1850, Sir John Richardson, while passing north via the St. Lawrence, the great lakes and McKenzie river in search of Sir John Franklin, remarked the wonderful beauty of the former stream, and prophesied that in the near future the then wooded banks would be covered by the villas of the rich.

To one having a few leisure days, and wishing to recuperate and see one of the most magnificent of rivers, there can be nothing more desirable than a trip down the St. Lawrence. Taking a steamer at Clayton, not a Dean Richmond nor a Drew, but a strong, compact and swift boat, you are immediately absorbed in the ever changing scenery of the thousand, or more properly, eighteen hundred islands. On all sides they lie, varying in size from a small rock with its scattering tufts of moss, to a magnificent island containing hundreds of acres and, in its natural state, covered with a fine growth of evergreens—a paradise for campers.

Passing down, you sweep by Round Island, Wells Island and Thousand Island Park, Alexandria Bay, and other noted summer resorts, besides innumerable villas and camps, while farther down you see the International camp-ground, and Gardiner's Island ten miles below, the last of the group among which one may wander for weeks and always find something new. Two miles below Gardiner's you come to Ogdensburg on the right, and Prescott on the left bank. The latter place is celebrated in the annals of 1838, as the scene of the battle of the wind mill; to-day a number of men who previous to that ill-starred event were loyal to the stars and stripes, are serving a life's exile in penal servitude in Australia; while the old wind-mill has been preserved and transformed into a light house, and old Fort Wellington sets like a huge hat box on a little eminence about a mile above it, both being on the Canadian shore. Its halyard is seldom adorned by the British lion now, or its peace disturbed by the sunset gun. Passing down about two miles you come to the first of that magnificent series of rapids known as the "Rapid du Plaut." It is a short and comparatively gradual descent with Ogden Island on the right—property which has recently passed from the Ogden family after over one hundred and fifty years of ownership. Gliding swiftly down, you soon arrive at Dickson's Landing, where you leave the regulation river steamer and enter one built especially for running the rapids. Soon you enter the Long Sault, which are the longest and roughest of the whole series. At the foot, on the Canadian side, lies Cornwall, a flourishing town of about twelve thousand inhabitants, while across the river is St. Regies, where dwell the remnants of the old Franklin or Iroquois tribe of Indians, although some dispute the latter lineage. However that may be, to a New Englander, that squalid, unkept village at the mouth of the Racket (Raquette), or river of the snow shoe, contains a memento and historical treasure, an incentive which caused that terrible massacre at Deerfield, Mass., in the spring of 1704, and spread consternation and horror throughout the colonies. For nearly two hundred years that bell, for that it is, called the tribe to acts of devotion, and its silvery tones were ever listened to with delight and admiration by every brave. The stories of personal valor connected with its capture are yet rehearsed by father to son. Six years ago, it having become cracked, the bell was lowered from its long resting place, amid the almost superstitsous reverance of the whole tribe.

Leaving, you pass numerous islands among which is Hamilton's, the resort of the "Cannucks." On you hurry down the cascades, which are short and tumultuous, appearing to be something like steps down which the river pours in frothy haste. Again you hurry on to the next or Cedar Rapids, and down at race horse speed, little dreaming as the boat makes for that beautiful island at its head, and then diagonally out into the stream, that you are passing over the most dangerous ground in St. Lawrence navigation. Now your eyes are tired with the day's sights and little prepared to enjoy the beautiful country through which you are passing; even that abomination to pleasure excursions, that stout lady, guide book in hand, who does not know a light-house from a lime-kilm, a light-ship from a two master, or Fort Wellington from the wind-mill, and whose tongue seems to have been wound up for eternity and the ratchet off, modestly explains, "I am a reporter, you know." Again all are alert as you arrive at Caugnawaugna for the vessel to be weighed and registered, and to receive as pilot Baptiste John, who for thirty years has run the rapids without loosing a sail. Once more you are in motion; captain, pilot, aud two men at the wheels, two men at the tiller, first mate at the bell-pulls on hurricane deck, second mate on lower deck busy getting ready the barrels of sand

for ballast, steward and purser securing the movables and admonishing every one to hold on and be seated. On you hasten at full speed around one island to the head of another, the engine slows down to quarter-speed and you are in the Le Chien, nothing heard but the rush of the water and the clanking of the tiller chains.

You follow the shore for a distance with but little effort on the pilot's part. Suddenly the order comes to "down," the vessel lurches to starboard, and the timid ones—Oh, my! Again the order is repeated and closely followed by a peculiar forward and dropping motion, which is a fine time for pent-up feelings to be aired in a genuine shriek. On you plunge into a peculiar semi-circular basin; by the combined aid of the water and rudder the boat is whirled about like a top when the bow is seemingly within twenty feet of the rocks, and you leave in a direction differing from that in which you entered by 50°. The Le Chien are passed and Montreal is in sight.

REVIEWS.

With the current number the *Century* Magazine begins its eighteenth year and thirty-fifth volume. Its circulation at the present time is 250,000 and the number of readers is estimated at 2,000,000. The great success of the magazine is due to the fact that it does not neglect questions of the day.

WASHINGTON'S BEDCHAMBER.

The November *Century* opens with two illustrated articles on "The Home and the Haunts of Washington" and "Mount Vernon As It Is." From them we quote the following: "The interest of the whole house centers in the room where Washington died,—'The gen'al's room, the room I likes de bes' in de house,' as the servitor called it, in a tone of genuine and reverent affection. Just where the great man lay a-dying eighty-eight years ago, the bed now stands, and beside it the light stand on which are the rings left by his medicine-glasses, unchanged since that day. The secretary at which he wrote, the hair-covered trunk in which he carried his possessions, the surveyor's tripod he had used, the cloak he threw about his shoulders when he went over the farm, the leathern chair in which he sat, the covering cut away by vandal hands, are all there. There was something, in spite of these few discordant notes, that seemed peculiar to that room. I could not feel that thousands of eyes had looked upon it with idle curiosity, but as though it had been kept sacred all these years, and was yet redolent with the memories which have set it apart forever.

"'Many wonders,' said our guide, 'why Mrs. Wash-'n'ton died up in de attic, and not in de gen'al's room. It was de custom in de family to shut up a room for two years after a death had happened in it, an' dis room was shut up. Mrs. Wash'n'ton went up in de attic an' dere she staid for eighteen mu'n's till she died dere. She never had no fire in de winter, an' in de summer it was very hot,—but dere she staid wif only her cat fur comp'ny.'

"The corner cut off from the lower part of the door he showed us was for the easy egress and ingress of this familiar friend. The attic room is pretty and attractive-looking, but has in it now only one piece of furniture used by Mrs. Washington,—a little three-cornered washstand."

POLITICAL INDEPENDENCE.

From "Topics of the Time" we quote the following:

"The fact that party managers and public officials show themselves so responsive to the vilest elements of society indicates great activity on the part of these vilest elements. Their number is not large, but their zeal is hot and their purpose is strong; what they lack in weight they make up in velocity. Their demands are incessant and insistent; their pressure upon the political leaders is never lightened. The better classes make no such demonstration of their purpose. There is little political activity among them; their numbers and their weight give them little force, because there is so little movement. The vilest prevail over the best because they are so much more active in their own interest, and so much more positive in their demands.

They gain advantage, also, in another way, They are much less intense in their partisanship. One who watches the municipal contests in a city where the two great parties are pretty evenly balanced will see that the disorderly and vicious classes are by no means wedded to either party. Their vote goes, almost solidly, first to one party and then to the other,—always to the candidates that are the most satisfactory to them. Their political principles are precisely those which one of our prominent capitalists has so humorously avowed, and for the same reason. They are no bigoted partisans, not they. Consequently they manage, in a good many of our cities, to have things largely their own way."

ON A SUGAR PLANTATATION.

From a profusely illustrated article in the November *Century*, by E. V. Smalley, on "Sugar-Making in Louisiana," we quote the following as illustrating the relations between employer and employed:

"The relations between employer and employees on a sugar estate are unique. They are the nearest approach in America to a feudal system. Not a foot of land do the laborers own. Yet their right to homes and labor on an estate is a sort of unwritien law so binding that they are seldom sent away except for very serious cause. They regard the mules and implements of the planter as to some extent their own, using them

to cultivate their gardens and to haul their fuel. In directing the plantation work, he seldom uses any harsh words of command ; talks rather in kindly tones, scolds a little if need be, but in rather a parental fashion ; asks opinions at times from swarthy old 'uncles' who have a standing on the place as faithful men and experts in cane-culture ; knows the strong and weak points in the character of every man in his employment. Indeed his rule is so mild that a stranger to plantation life wonders how the uncouth mass of black laborers is held together and disciplined so as to produce favorable industrial results."

FRATERNITY NOTES.

DELTA UPSILON CONVENTION.

W. B. Clift, '88, E. J. Klock, '88, and W. F. Alden, '89, attended the fifty third annual convention of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity, held at New Brunswick, N. J., October 26th, 27th and 28th. Representatives from twenty-three chapters were present. The public exercises, held in the Opera House, attracted a large audience. A full orchestra rendered excellent music, the prelude being a brilliant pot pourri of college airs. Mr. Seaman Miller, Rutgers, '78, presided. The orator of the occasion, Rev. Dr. Griffis, pastor of the Shawmut Avenue church, Boston, was introduced and gave an admirable address on "The Power of Literature in Education." Homer Greene, Union, '76, followed with an excedingly interesting poem. He began with the happy college existence of four students and carried them through stanzas sparkling with wit and glowing with playful satire to the sober days of after life. After the literary exercises the delegates ad journed to the banquet, where covers were laid for 180. Star J. Murphy, Amherst '81, presided as toastmaster. The toasts of the occasion were responded to in the following order :

"Fifty-third Convention." Sentiment, "We meet in a Crowd," George C. Douglas, Madison, '88.

"Delta Upsilon in Literature," Rev. W. E. Griffis, D. D., Rutgers, '69.

"Delta Upsilon in the Past," Sentiment—

"The sweet remembrance of the past,
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust."

Dr. Hobert of Worcester, Mass., President of the parent chapter, and a member of Williams, '36.

"Delta Upsilon in the Present,"

"Hail to the Chief,
Who in triumph advances."

Seaman Miller, Rutgers, '79.

"Our Future ; the glories of the Possible are Ours," C. H. Roberts, York, '86.

"The Ladies,"

"When a woman wills she wills,
And you can depend on it
When she won't, she won't ;
And that's the end on it,"

Mr. Osborne, Adelbert, '90.

"Chapter Homes," Mr. Murphy, Amherst, '87.

"Our Place in the College World"—

"A braver choice of dauntless spirits
Did never float upon the swelling tide"—

by M. J. Hazleton, Amherst, '47.

"Our Motto," W. I. Chamberlain, Rutger, '82.

"Delta Upsilon in Law," G. H. Meyer, Rutgers, '84.

"Early Days at Williams" and "The Ladies," Dr. Brown, Williams, '36.

"The Music," Homer Greene.

The next Delta Upsilon Convention will be held at Cleveland, Ohio, October, 1888.

D K E CONVENTION.

The forty-first annual convention of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity was held in Chicago on the 18th, 19th and 20th of last month. Special cars from the East, South and West conveyed the delegates to the Queen City Tuesday afternoon, where they were welcomed to a generous reception given at the Grand Pacific Hotel by the loyal and enthusiastic members of the Northwestern Alumni Association. Wednesday was devoted to the transaction of business in the Weber Music Hall. In the evening, public exercises were held in Madison Street Theatre, consisting of introductory remarks by H. Busher, Jr., president of the Northwestern Alumni Association ; an address by Judge Richard S. Tuthill ; a poem by Hon. Daniel B. Lucas, U. S. Senator from West Virginia, and an oration by Dr. Charlton T. Lewis of New York.

Thursday afternoon, after the customary convention picture had been taken, at the north entrance to the post office building, the entire delegation was treated to a most delightful fifteen-mile drive through the more interesting streets, boulevards and parks.

But the crowning event of the convention was the banquet Thursday evening, at the Grand Pacific. There were 125 persons present, among them many of Chicago's most distinguished citizens as well as prominent men from other parts of the country ; notably, Hon. J. S. Grinnell, Geo. E. Plumbe, of the Chicago *Daily News*, Gen. H. H. Thomas, J. Frank Aldrich and J. S. Winston ; also Samuel F. Hunt of Cincinnati ; A. Miner Griswold, editor of *Texas Siftings ;* the speakers of the previous evening, and oth-

ers. The menu card was of the most elaborate design, being a diamond-shaped book of sixteen pages, with the crest of D K E embossed in the fraternity colors on the cover. The gastronomic portion of the banquet was served in the finest style of the Grand Pacific, while the floral decorations and the fraternity banners which were draped on the walls were of the most magnificent description, and feasted the eye as well.

The list of toasts included subjects of great interest to all D K E's, such as "The Fraternity," "The Delta Kap Girls," "D K E in the West," and "The Future of D K E;" while each speaker was aptly introduced by our genial and witty western alumnus, Geo. E. Plumbe, who officiated as toast-master. Thus from nine o'clock in the evening until three in the morning this jovial company feasted, varying the program with frequent songs and "Rah-Rah-Rah's" for D K E, in which all—the reverend preacher and venerable judge included—most lustily took part.

The convention will be remembered as one of the most successful in the history of the fraternity.

D. K. E. BANQUET.

The Middlebury college chapter of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity arrived at Vergennes on the night train Saturday, October 29, for its annual initiation banquet which was to be held at the Stevens House. The party consisted of the active members of the chapter, including a Sophomore and five Freshmen recently initiated, and several alumni.

Ceremonies were held in the fraternity hall which occupied a large part of the night, and the company took the 3:45 a. m. train for Vergennes, where coaches were waiting to convey them to the hotel, which is a favorite resort of Middlebury students.

At 5 o'clock the fraternity entered the dining hall, where an elaborate menu was served, with a continuous accompanlment of fraternity songs, after which the toast, "D K E" was responded to by Rev. George A. Smith of St. Albans, of the class of '74, Madison University. "Athletics" by Julius C. Hubbell, the famous base ball pitcher, of Williams, '85, "Alpha, Alpha," by George R. Wales, Middlebury, '87, principal of the Bristol graded school.

Several other responses were given and the hall resounded with D K E songs and cheers, until the banquet closed at nearly 9 o'clock with the "Mystic circle," a ceremony familiar to all D K E's, and the party returned to Middlebury on the morning train after a night which will doubtless take a prominent place in the history of D K E at Middlebury.

The Fraternities have thus far received initiates as follows: Chi Psi, E. W. Benedict, '91, Manchester, N. H.; E. C. Bryant, '91, Manchester, N. H;; F. Bell, '91, Crown Point, N. Y. Delta Kappa Epsilon, W. H. van Allen, '90, Albany, N. Y.; F. D. Boynton, '91, Potsdam, N. Y.; H. M. Campbell, '91, Carbondale, Ill.; W. B. Childs, '91, Utica, N. Y.; R. M. McKey, '91, Chicago, Ill.; D. G. Reilly, '91, Thorndike, Mass. Delta Upsilon, C. A. Mead, '91, Middlebury, Vt.; H. W. Johnson, '91, Washington, D. C.; T. H. Noonan, '91, Addison, Vt.; C. H. Willis, '91, Barton Landing, Vt.; A. N. Prentiss, '91, Middlebury, Vt.

EXCHANGES.

There seems to be a disinclination on the part of most exchange editors to offer adverse criticism, but believing the great function of this department to lie in its efforts to make us "see ourselves as others see us," we shall not hesitate to make any comments which may seem appropriate, and hope we shall never give offence by this course.

Doubtless all editors are well able to discern the good points of their work, but perhaps not so well the bad, otherwise the latter would not exist, so we hope to receive from all the same sort of criticism it is our endeavor to render.

The *Dartmouth* still excels in fiction.

"The Pack Train" in the *Tech* is a very well written descriptive article.

The *Georgetown College Journal* would be improved by the addition of a distinctively local department.

We wish the *Colby Echo* would enlighten us as to the personality of the individual called "Sam" who figures so extensively in its columns.

The *Western Maryland College Monthly*, Vol. 1, No. 2, is on our table and bids fair to rank among the first, after a little experience.

The *Reveille* of Norwich University contains a long biographical sketch of the founder of N. U. of considerable historical value to the institution.

The *Tuftonian* publishes a detective story, "A Mysterious Case," which atones for its appearance by

little literary merit. It might well be stereotyped for the country weeklies, after the manner of Julian Hawthorne and Inspector Brynes.

We do not think the editorial upon Optional Chapel in the *Bowdoin Orient* voices the general sentiment of undergraduates. The statement that at Bowdoin optional chapel would be practically no chapel, reflects an unenviable religious sentiment which we do not believe of the institution. The result has not been such at Harvard or Cornell.

The *Michigan Argonaut* (weekly) is a newsy sheet, devoting itself entirely to the happenings of the college world, particularly that part represented by the University of Michigan. It accomplished a notable feat of journalistic enterprise by issuing an extra edition of fifteen hundred copies containing a full account of a foot ball game, twenty minutes after the completion of the game.

The business manager of the *Williams Weekly* is not a "Napoleon of finance." He has cancelled a debt of several hundred inherited from the *Williams Journal* (predecessor of the *Weekly*) and for which the *Weekly* was not legally responsible.

In contrast with a recent editorial confession by the *Williams Weekly* of something very like snobbishness existing at that college, is the following from the *College Rambler:*

"Money at Illinois College is not a criterion of worth, it erects no barriers, causes no distinctions. The payment of one's expenses by honest work throughout the college course lowers the social standing of none. So long as this feeling exists, so long as the rich are only equal to the poor, true manhood still attends our college life."

This is the social status of the ideal university. Theoretically it is the sentiment of all colleges—at Middlebury, we think, more strongly felt than at most of her neighbors—but as long as human nature rules, everywhere, to a greater or less extent, will "Riches cover a multitude of sins."

The most readable publication that comes to us from the fitting schools is the *Vermont Academy Life*, and is an exception to most of its class in that it is of some interest to readers unacquainted with the school. The most interesting feature is a number of letters from college men among its graduates, giving a very fair idea of the institution represented. We doubt if there is good reason for this state of affairs regarding Yale, if the remark is true:

"Hazing has gone so far that parents whose son is in delicate health feel great disquietude in sending him to college."

Hamilton supports two monthlies, the *Literary Monthly* and the *Review*. The former must be of great interest to old Hamiltonians, from the completeness of the department of personals. In its editorial columns it says:

"Not long since we proved to the college world and to the public in general, that in oratory we have no superiors and probably no equals; and now why not demonstrate the fact by strenuous endeavors, that we are not to be toyed with in literary productions?"

Does not this statement savor a trifle of conceit? The *Review* presents a very forcible article by President Darling upon "Peculiarties of college life," from which we quote:

"A college is a unique community. It is a community that has peculiar sentiments and usages, partly traditional and hence arbitrary. and partly the natural results of the elements of which it is composed. It is a community proceeding from all classes of society and all parts of the country, bringing together their different talents, tastes, habits, attainments and during the most plastic and decisive years of their life, acting and reacting upon one another by constant contact and collision, rubbing off sharp corners and projecting asperities, and causing each man to find the proper level of his own ability. There can be no community like a college for the propagation of influence. In its mobility it is like the particles of a fluid; if one is at rest, all are at rest, if one moves all moves, Its impulses are communicated without delay or resistance, and motion is simultaneous through the whole body."

The *Cynic*, from our neighbor, the University of Vermont, clips the following item from the *Princetonian:*

"Middlebury college, founded in 1800, and one of the oldest in the country, has been decaying for many years till this fall its Freshman class numbers only eleven."

One statement in the above is true—that Middlebury college was founded in 1800. The Freshman class has twenty members and not eleven. As to Middlebury's steady decay, she was never more prosperous than to-day. To those institutions whose sole ambition is a large membership, Middlebury will seem, as she is—judged by that standard—insignificant. The value or prosperity of an educational institution is not dependent upon the number of its students. Harvard's entrance examinations are considered the most difficult of any American college, but Middlebury has rejected a greater per cent. of applicants for admission

than Harvard. Middlebury is proud of her position, which is well expressed in Chas. Thwing's book, "American Colleges," where she is given as the type of a small eastern college. The value of the training received amid her bautiful surroundings is proven by the standing of her alumni in the great school of the world. When she strives to obtain pecuniary assistance from the State on the strength of imaginary courses of study, when she sends representatives to the fitting schools to misrepresent her neighbor institutions, and when she lowers her standard to draw students, those who are proud to be called Middlebury men will say she is "decaying.'

COLLEGE NOTES.

Cornell is to have a Y. M. C. A. building costing $51,000.

Five colleges were founded in Dakota during the past year.

Harvard has received endowments amounting to $1,000,000 in the past six months.

A student may pass through one of the German universities at an annual expense of $500.

Harvard is to have a "Hastings Hall," built by the Hastings family. It will cost $250,000.

Andrew D. White, ex-president of Cornell, has presented his entire library to that institution.

A Columbia student died during the past vacation from the effects of a class cane rush.—*Exchange.*

Yale has recently received an anonymous gift of $100,000 for the erection of a new recitation building.

Dr. McCosh has resigned the presidency of Princeton: the resignation to take effect at the close of the term.

Syracuse Uuiversity is soon to have a new observatory. It will be, when completed, one of the finest in the country.

One of the two extant copies of the first folio edition of Shakespeare's works is at Columbia. It is valued at $3,000.

A Japanese student took the first prize in natural history, at the University of Leipsic, for a treatise on Zoology.

There are more colleges in Illinois than in all Europe, but one European college has more students than all Illinois.—*Exchange.*

The Imperial University of Japan has recently established a chair of sanitary engineering,—said to be the only chair of the kind in existence.

Yale is as fortunate on the water as she is at baseball. It is not strange that the university intends to raise the price of tuition.—*New York World.*

A special feature in the commencement exercises of Columbia College was the graduation of the first lady bachelor in the collegiate course for women.

It is reported that Harvard is making offers for the Massachusetts School of Technology, for the purpose of making it her own scientific school.—*Pennyslvanian.*

A movement is on foot to build a State University for colored people in Montgomery, Ala. The city has given $5,000 and three acres of land for the institution.

The Sophomore class of Columbia have voted to abolish the custom of hazing; they have also decided not to engage in a "cane-rush" with the Freshmen this year.

Oberlin was the first college to admit women on equal terms with men; the Universaty of Wisconsin has graduated a larger number of Women than any other co-educational institution.

John Guy Vassar, the generous endower of Vassar, has recently bought a building which, it is said, he intends to convert into a preparatory school, for Vassar will drop her preparatory department next year.

The University of Pennsylvania has $50,000 with which to erect a classical theatre, where it is proposed to hold commencments, lectures and concerts. Arrangements will be made to produce classical plays.

The 17 Japanese students in the University and High School at Ann Arbor, Mich., have a society all their own, They call it Bungakukia. One has been ejected, lately, on account of dissipation, and gone to Columbia.

The question is often asked, in regard to the pronunciation of Latin, "How do the majority of American colleges teach it?" According to the most reliable statistics, 155 of the entire number—333—pronounce by the Roman method, 144 by the English method, and thirty-four by the Continental.

An unknown dower has purchased for the Syracuse University, N. Y., the library of the great German historian, Leopold Von Ranke. The greater part is historical works in German, French and English. Von

Ranke was nearly sixty years in building it up, and desired it should be kept together. The cost was nearly $25,000.

A solid silver hatchet, found recently in Sonora, will soon adorn the museum of Princeton college. It weighs a hundred ounces, and as bullion is valued at $1 an ounce. It is four inches long, wedge shaped, and was evidently hammered by some primitive people. It was brought to San Francisco and purchased for $150 by Mr. Henry G. Merguard, who will present it to his Alma Mater.

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

Gobble—Gobble—Gobble.

(*Hallow 'een Trio*).

Prepare for—30° and six feet of snow.

The Seniors have finished Physiological Psychology and are now deep in Sully.

Mr. C. N. Pray '91, who went to New York on the excursion leaving here Nov. 2nd, has returned.

The library is being rearranged according to the system which was adopted when it was first moved to Painter Hall.

A number of the townspeople have taken advantage of the recent low rate excursions to Boston and New York, but as yet no students have done so.

The college organ needs repairing. A few days ago it stopped after a few feeble squeaks, and the organist announcing a broken pedal, dismissed the choir.

Among other such preparations the village trustees have repaired that bad culvert, at the school house end of the park which caused a wet and icy sidewalk so often last winter.

The "Evening in China" entertainment for the benefit of the Ladies' Library, on Oct. 25th, was financially successful, and those students who attended report a pleasant evening.

Who went to Cornwall last Hallow'een? A new Freshman was found in the mathematical room the next morning. The T. and C. man was unable to find out its name, sex or "previous condition of servitude."

Much to the regret of his numerous student customers R. A. Dean, the photographer, has left town. His place will be taken by Mr. Jackson of Fayetteville N. Y. Gauvin of Burlington has also established himself in Chase's old stand.

S. B. Pease '90 recently gave a very pleasant reception to the members of his class. Refreshments were served followed by literary exercises and a general hilarious jollification, in which the unity of class spirit in '90 was clearly demonstrated.

Rev. T. A. Hopkins of Burlington delivered a lecture for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. in Academy Hall last Tuesday evening. His subject was "Florence" and the lecture was illustrated by several fine photographs. Those who were absent missed a fine thing.

A passage has been going the rounds of the local press to the effect that Geo. Perren, the base-ball player, is to enter this college next January and instruct the nine. It has been decided to hire Mr. Perren to coach the nine, but whether he enters college or not, is, as yet, undecided.

'91's first attack upon '90 was made on Tuesday noon, Oct. 24th, when they attempted to burn the class of '90 in effigy. The Sophs were not long in appearing upon the scene and, after extinguishing the flames, retaliated by burning '91's class banner—a trophy stolen from No. 9, S. H., a few days since.

The officers of the freshman class, erroneously reported in the last number, are as follows: President and Orator, F. D. Boynton; Vice President, H. M. Campbell; Secretary, H. W. Johnson; Treasurer, C. A. Mead; Historian, S. Grace Seeley; Poet, C. H. Willey; Toast Master, D. G. Riley.

Camp A. S. Tracy, Sons of Veterans, held their annual banquet at their hall Monday evening, Nov. 7th. The occasion being the second anniversary of the establishment of the camp, a large number were present. An interesting programme of toasts, with Mr. W. F. Alden, '89, as toastmaster, was carried out. The following members of the college were present and responded as follows: "Nov. 6, '85," E. L. Allen, '88; "The Feed," F. H. Button, '90; "The Initiation," A. E. Cushman, '89. The occasion will long be remembered by those present as one of the most pleasant in the history of the camp.

Hon. and Mrs. Harry Hale of St. Paul, and Mr. John A. Fletcher, '87, of Middlebary college, left here Wednesday evening for New York. There they are to be joined by Miss Buck of Lockport, N. Y., who will accompany them abroad. The party will sail tomorrow in the Cunarder Umbria. They will probably spend the larger part of the winter in Egypt.

Col. and Mrs. A. A. Fletcher went down to the city to see them off. The members of Mr. Fletcher's college society (D K E), a number of his brother Knights Templar and numerous other friends were at the depot to see him off.—*Middlebury Register, Oct. 25.*

Ex-Gov. J. W. Stewart, '46, recently subscribed $100 towards grading and otherwise repairing the base-ball grounds. Men have been engaged for this purpose and the work is progressing finely. It will cost about $200 to put the field in good condition. Here is a chance for our alumni to give the college a lift by subscribing in aid of these repairs, and thus making it attractive to students. The grcunds were in a wretched condition, which altogether prevented good practice work or games. With a little more help from our alumni they can be made as fine as any in the State. The committee in charge of the repairs are Edgerton, '88, Douglas, '89, Severance, '89. Lavery, '90.

PERSONALS.

The Alumni are requested to forward any information relative to former students at Middlebury which it may chance to be in their power to furnish.

('32). Dr. Blanchard, President of Wheaton College, preached at the Congregational church Sunday morning. Mr. Blanchard was present at chapel the other morning and gave an interesting talk on the older alumni of the college.

('40). E. J. Phelps, United States Minister to England, while visiting Lord Tweedmouth at Guisachan, Inverness-shire, recently, shot a splendid stag in the neighboring deer forest. The head was the best that has been secured this season in the Strathglass district.

('58). Hon. William H. Walker has resigned his position as Judge of the Vermont Supreme Court on account of ill health. Mr. Walker starts in a few days on a trip through the South and West.

('62). Rev. R. S. Holmes has resigned his position as Register of the Chautauqua University and has entered the work of the ministry, having accepted a call to the Presbyterian church at Warren, Pa.

('64). Hon. James K. Batchelder has been elected vice president of the Vermont Bar association.

('65). Hon. George Z. Erwin was elected State Senator in New York.

('66). The following was clipped from the Minneapolis *Tribune;*

The arguments in the anarchist case are made and the question has been decided by the highest judicial tribunal in the land. Of the four speeches, that of Mr. Grinnell stands out as the clearest, keenest and most forcible, and stamps him as one of the finest lawyers in tha country. He consumed less than half of his allotted time, yet he covered the whole case, disposing in a sentence of Mr. Tucker's elaborate argument on the 14th amendment, and in his closing remarks answered in advance, and most completely, the carefully prepared speech of Gen. Butler, causing that renowned barrister to spring to his feet with a demand for the privilege of cross-examining the cool. level-headed lawyer who was fairly knocking the foundations of his structure to fragments. Mr. Grinnell says himself he is no orator; and in his speeches, both at the trial and before the supreme court, there is no evidence whatever of any attempt at oratorical flights. But, in both instances, he had the law and the facts at his tongue's end, and presented them so clearly and so forcibly that they carried conviction with them."

Mr. Grinnell, in the recent Chicago election, was promoted to the bench.

('79). W. H. Hamilton, M. D., has removed from Springfield, Mass., to New York city.

('83). Claude M. Severance is studying at Yale Theological Seminary.

('87). Mr. James T. Clark has a fine position in the main office, at New York, of the United Press association. The United Press association is a formidable rival of the well-known Associated Press.

('88). George A. Stewart has entered the general freight office of the D. & H. R. R. at Albany, N. Y. His address is 258 State street.

('88). Cards are out announcing the marriage of J. J. Hassett, M. D., and Miss Katie J. Brennan of Monson, Mass.

('90). Geo. P. Hitchcock, formerly of Middlebury, is full-back on the Sophomore foot-ball team of Williams College.

SPORTING.

By some mistake no mention was made in the last issue of the tennis tournament held Oct. 6th, 7th and 8th. The medal for singles was won by Goddard, '90, and those for doubles by Owen, '90, and Ross, '91.

It has been proposed to hold a winter meeting of the athletic association in the town or academy hall, the entertainment to take place in the evening and to consist of jumping, wrestling, bar exercises, etc. No doubt, if this is done, it will prove a financial success

and also give a much needed incentive for gymnasium work.

Stagg, the great Yale pitcher, struck out forty-one men in the four games with Princeton.

The Junior class at Cornell will give annually a fifty dollar prize to the best general athlete.

Kellogg, the right fielder in the Yale nine, played nine games without an error. He has thus the highest fielding average of any player in the history of college base-ball.

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O Junior! heaven born child of ease,
With what high scorn you look on Soph'more strife,
And with what care you guide the little feet
Of freshmen through the wiles of college life.

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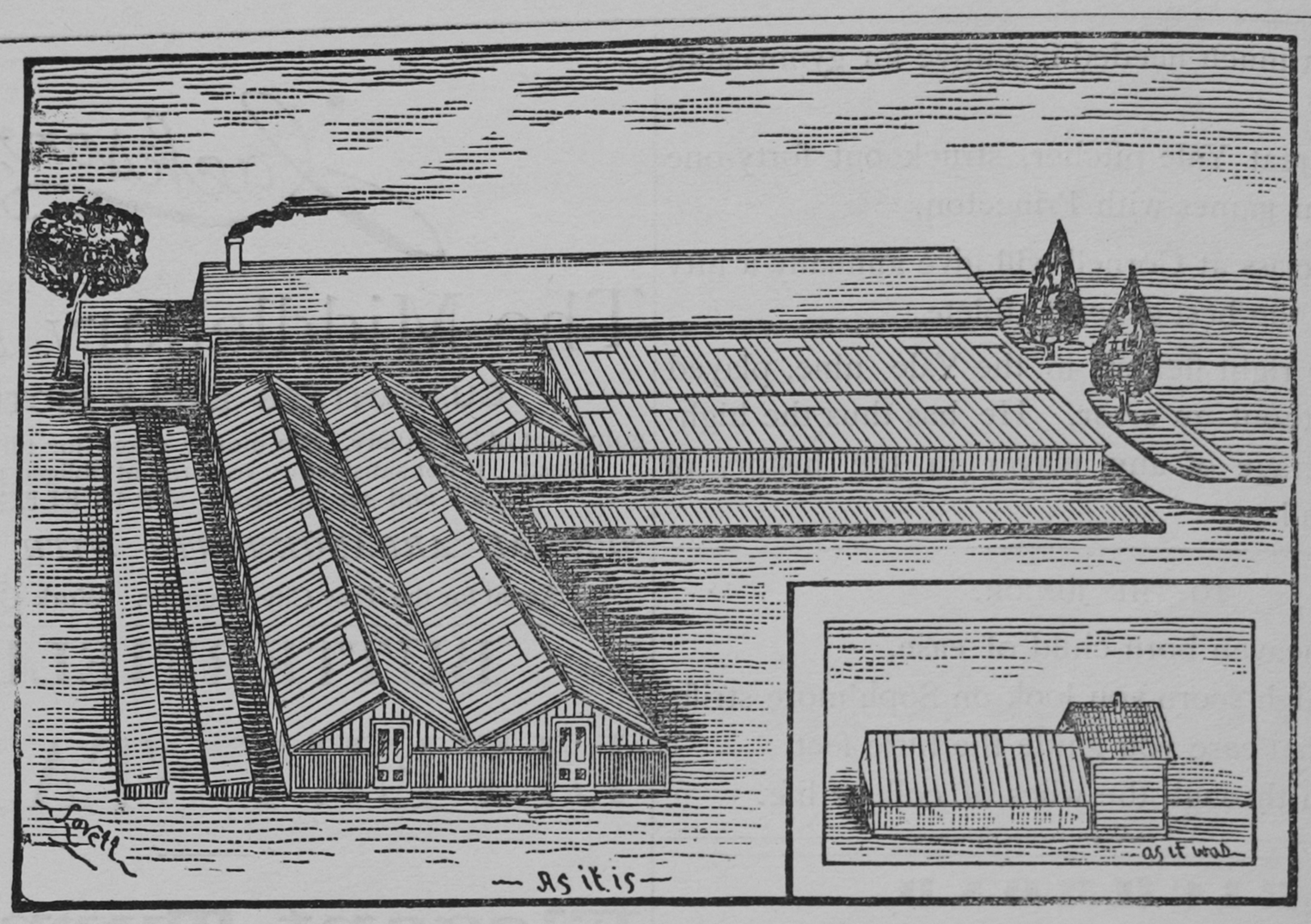

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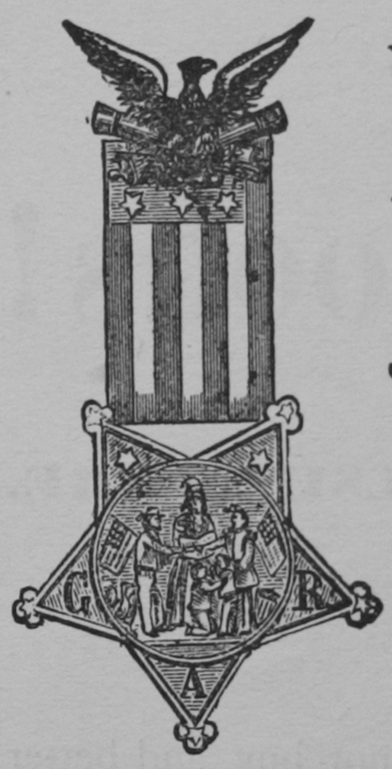

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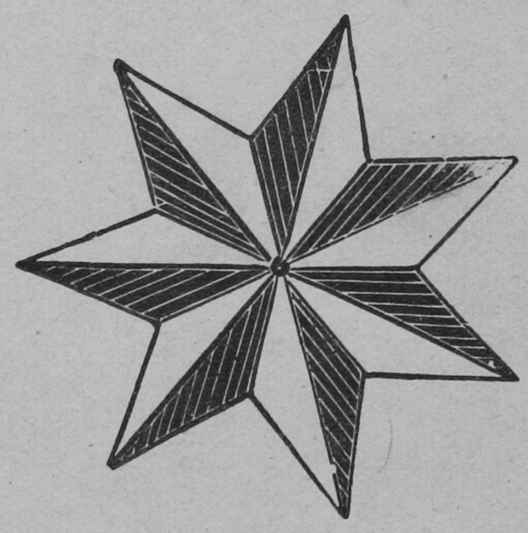
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